THE LITTLE MONKEY WITH THE SAD FACE

AND OTHER STORIES

BY CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

To Philip
from Uncle Bob + Aunt Debby

The Little Monkey With the Sad Face

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ILLUSTRATED BY KURT WIESE

NEW YORK

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

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LITHOGRAPHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE JERSEY CITY PRINTING COMPANY

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The Little Monkey With the Sad Face

There was plenty of air up there on top

THE LITTLE MONKEY WITH THE SAD FACE

LITTLE SAD FACE, the monkey—his name was Bezie but everyone called him Little Sad Face—was cuddled up in the arms of Ed the circus man who took care of him. He looked very sad although he was eating a banana and drinking milk out of a cup which Ed held for him. The fat woman of the circus came waddling up. She was round like a circus balloon—a pink one blown up as tight as it would go. She had a pink bow sticking up in her hair. It bobbed in a funny way, and suddenly the monkey snatched out with his long quick fingers and grabbed it off. Then he held it with both hands on top of his own head.

"Oww," screamed the fat woman. "He's got my pink bow. Make him give it back to me. Oww, I'm scared of him."

Ed threw back his head and laughed. "You're a nice size of a woman to be scared of a little monkey. Your hand is bigger than the whole of him." Gently he pulled the bow out of Bezie's paw and handed it back to the fat woman. She pinned it on her head, standing away from them so the monkey couldn't snatch it again.

Then she began to quiver and shake with laughing. Her cheeks puffed out and her eyes nearly hid themselves in her kind face.

"Wasn't the monkey funny with that bow on his head!" she chuckled. "He looked like the oldest, saddest little man in the world, with the queerest hat on his head." And she waddled off, chuckling and giggling to herself. Ed laughed too and carried Bezie back to his cage.

While he was sitting in there, another monkey came creeping up and tickled him with a straw. Bezie chased him all around until they were both tired. Then they sat close together on the swing that was hung from the bars of the cage for them to play on.

Bezie always did everything a monkey can do. He jumped to the swing and hung from it by his tail. He played tag. He stole bits of orange from his monkey friends, just as they stole from him. People used to stand in front of his cage and laugh at him because he looked so sad even when he was being very funny. He would grab through the bars with his little thin arm at anything the people were wearing that he could reach. Once he snatched a little girl's hat and tried to go to sleep in it, but Ed took it away and gave it back to her.

Ed took him for walks through the tents where the breeze flapped the canvas and the smell of grass was hot and sweet. But he kept the monkey securely tied to a chain, which he held in his hand, because Bezie was so frisky he didn't know what he would do.

Only once, Ed was careless. He was smoking his pipe and talking to the thin man of the circus while Bezie sat on his lap.

It takes two hands to light a pipe, so he dropped the end of the chain for a moment. Goodby! Bezie shot away to the door of the tent, the chain flying after him, while Ed chased after. The thin man ran too, leaping with his long legs and waving his arms as though the wind were blowing him.

Shouting, they followed him across a field to the edge of a woods where the monkey climbed a tree as quick as a wink. The men stood under the tree, and just for fun Bezie threw down some twigs on them.

Ed made monkey noises in his throat, trying to coax the little fellow down, but Bezie liked it up among the thick leaves. The summer air was blowing and smelling of the woods. He chattered back at Ed for a little while and then jumped to another tree. The chain got in his way so he tried to wrap it around his waist. It wouldn't stay there but he kept on jumping just the same. He swung along from tree to tree all night, sometimes resting and sometimes scolding at the chain which was continually getting in his way. When morning came he still kept on going though he was beginning to get very hungry. Finally he came to the edge of the woods and started to cross a road. He was dragging the chain after him when suddenly he was jerked back. The chain had caught on a stump. The ring was held by a stiff stick and would not pull off. Before the monkey had time to puzzle out how to loosen it, a big automobile came purring along the road and the lady inside saw him.

"Oh, the dear little monkey!" she cried, and called the driver to stop the car.

The driver scowled at him. "There's a circus in town, ma'am," he said. "This monkey has run away from it I guess. He's a wild looking little beast. I don't mind saying I don't like him. I was bit once by a monkey."

"Nonsense," laughed the lady, "I'm not afraid of him. I'll get him myself." And she stepped out of the automobile and walked over to Bezie. "Now, be good!" she coaxed, as she slid the ring of the chain off the stick which held it. Bezie let her pick him up in her arms, and over her shoulder he made faces at the driver.

"There!" said the lady patting him. "Really, he's a darling with his sad little face and his soft fur. I should like to keep him, but you may be right about the circus. We will go there, but first I must stop at home and leave my package. The monkey will be all right on the back seat with me. He's so gentle."

The engine of the automobile sang, and the wind blew in through the open window. The monkey was hungry and sleepy, and for a few minutes he curled up in the corner of the soft seat. All of a sudden, he felt wide-awake again, and the lady who held the chain lightly in her hand was not looking. It was time to do something new! Out of the window he leaped to the top of the automobile, the chain banging after him. The lady had the car stopped but she could not reach him and the driver did not really try. Bezie showed his sharp teeth at the driver because he was afraid and then took the tip of his tail in his paws and sat watching it wiggle.

After a long time the lady decided that he would just have to stay on the roof since they were in the country anyhow.

"Drive as slowly as possible," she said. "We do not want to lose or hurt the poor little fellow. It was stupid of me not to hold fast to the chain but I did not suppose he would be so naughty."

There was plenty of air up there on top. The monkey liked it, but by the time they reached the edge of the city where they were going he jumped down. And where do you think he landed? On the radiator! And he found the finest place to hold on. Two silver wings just made for a monkey to cling to.

Pretty soon they came to the lady's house. A girl with a white cap and apron came out to help. Perhaps she had never seen a monkey before. Certainly she had never seen one hanging on to the front of an automobile. She opened her eyes wide. When she picked up the package to carry it in, Bezie decided that the place for him was on top of it. So he jumped there!

"Catch him! Catch his chain!" cried the lady, but the girl was almost scared to death. She dropped the package on the ground with a bump and started to run. The lady quickly stepped forward and put her foot on the end of the chain. He was caught again and had to run on behind her to the house, holding to the chain with his paws and skipping along.

At first the lady did not quite know what to do and half wished that she had never seen him; but she thought that since he had been lost so long he would probably be hungry so she took him out on the porch to give him some warm milk.

She fastened him to the railing and then sat down to watch. In a few minutes the girl with the white cap and apron came around the corner of the porch. She was walking on her toes and holding a

tin cup of milk with her arm stretched out as far away as she could reach. She was ready to run again and did not like to come near the monkey. Bezie was so hungry that he made a jump for the handle of the cup. The girl thought he was after her. She tried to run backwards, and down on the porch she fell, bumping over a chair. The milk splashed all over everywhere. Bezie was mad because he hadn't had any supper or any breakfast. Making faces as fast as he could, he bounded up and down at the end of his chain, chattering and scolding. The girl lay where she had fallen and screeched like the wild cat in the circus.

Nobody gave Bezie any more milk and he was so empty he hugged himself tightly with his arms. The lady took him out to the car and shut all the windows so he couldn't get out again.

"Go right to the circus," she said to the driver. "That is probably where this bad monkey belongs and I want to give him back to them."

When they got to the circus grounds, Ed lifted Bezie out of the automobile and cuddled him in his arms.

"Sure, he's the gentlest monkey in the world," he told the lady. "I've been missing him terribly since he ran away." Then he peeled a banana and cut it into thin strips which he fed to Bezie. The little fellow rubbed his stomach and licked his lips to show how grateful he was.

The lady laughed to watch him and put out her finger to shake his paw. "There is nothing sad about him in spite of the way he looks. I'm sure he's a whole circus by himself."

THE ADVENTURES OF PENNY

PENNY AND THE BIRDS

"Bow! Wow! Bow! Wow-woof!" barked fat little roly-poly Penny the puppy. "Stop splashing about in my mistress' fountain, you silly birds! Bow! Wow!" And Penny gave a little leap toward the birds that were bathing in the garden fountain. Over he rolled, bouncing like a rubber ball! Up flew the birds into a high tree and began picking at a nice bit of white suet that Penny's mistress had hung there for them to eat.

"Gr-r-r-r, gr-r-r!" growled Penny, his short legs spread out in front. "Gr-r-r, gr-r-r! I am the puppy in this garden! It is I who scratch in the leaves and bushes and dig holes in the flower-beds! No one else has a right here unless I say so! Get out of my garden. Gr-r-r, gr-r-r! I don't like little birds! Bow! Wow! Wow!" barked Penny under the tree. And away flew the birds.

Then Penny ran to the edge of the garden fountain and looked in to the water. "Gr-r-r!" he growled at the fat brown puppy with

the plumy tail he saw reflected there. "Gr-r-r!" the puppy in the water showed his little sharp teeth, and his pink tongue, too. "Bow! Wow! Bow! Wow!" barked Penny, his little fat sides shaking so he almost rolled into the splashing fountain.

Just then he heard his mistress' voice: "Come here, Penny, you funny puppy." But Penny did not pay any attention to her. She was scattering crumbs for the birds, which Penny chased away as fast as they came down. Sometimes he ran so fast he fell over his feet onto his nose and slid along on his stomach. Then he sat in the sun trying to scratch his ear with his hind leg, and because he was so round in the middle, he tumbled over. The sound of strange dogs running past the garden gate made him tumble back to his feet again in a hurry. One dog had stolen a bone and another dog was after it. He was sure they were the wildest dogs in the world, but he felt wild too. So he squeezed himself under the gate. The circling and dodging of the dogs was so exciting that he scurried after them, his ears flapping and his plumy tail streaking out behind. "Hi," he yapped at them, "Maybe I'll take your bone away from you! Look out for me! I'm coming!"

One of the dogs heard him and came loping back. He was black with long legs and an ugly skinny tail. Something inside Penny told him he wasn't going to like him at all. Penny stopped so quickly in his running that he sprawled out flat. Then suddenly he was scooting up a different street, kii, yii, yii, yii, with the black dog chasing him. He saw a vegetable wagon with a man sitting on the seat. "Oh, man!" he yelped, "I'm just a puppy! I was only trying to have some fun! This black dog isn't nice!" And he

So he squeezed himself under the gate

jumped onto the seat. He felt sure the man would help him, but what do you think happened? The man grabbed Penny by the collar and threw him right back on the sidewalk.

"Hey!" he called to a dirty little boy going by. "Take this pup away from here!"

"Sure, I'll take him," grinned the little boy and he picked him up.

The black dog saw Penny was safe from him so he went off down the street. "You silly pup!" he barked back at him. "You'd better go home and behave yourself. I know you ran away!"

It was easy for the black dog to tell Penny to go home. He wanted to, badly, but how could he, when he had lost the way and the little boy held him so tightly? He thought perhaps the boy knew where he lived and would take him to his lovely house with the garden, and that then his mistress would make a great fuss over him, so the birds could see she loved him best. She would be so glad to have him home again that he could do as he pleased, and then wouldn't he make the birds hop, and never let any one shoo away the kitten!

But the little boy carried him to a house he had never seen before. It had no garden, only a yard filled with weeds and papers and tin cans.

Penny's ears and tail drooped when the boy tied a rope around his collar and shoved him under the porch. An old bone was all he got for supper. He didn't even have a rug to sleep on and his water was in a leaky can.

"What have you got there, Johnny?" the boy's mother called

out of the window, and her voice sounded something like an angry bark.

"Oh, just a little pup," he answered her. "I'm going to keep him under the porch."

"Not if he starts yelping," snapped his mother. "And you have to go to school all day. Who's going to look after him?" She banged the window down.

How Penny suffered all through that dreadful night! And he had to stay under the porch all the next day. The rope was so short that he could not crawl out into the sun to warm himself. He just lay in a dark corner on the cold ground and could not even drink. But he could howl! He howled with his head up and his feet wide apart, and then he slept a little while, and then howled again. He was cold, and he told about it, over and over. More than anything else, he wanted his own home.

Little birds came hopping into the yard, trying to find food. They hopped with their heads sideways but nobody gave them any suet or threw them crumbs. The ground in the yard was so hard that they couldn't find any worms. Penny felt so sorry for himself that he was sorry for the birds too. "If I ever get back to my garden, I'll never chase birds away from their food again," he whimpered. "How bad and selfish I have been! I don't care now if my mistress does feed the birds; she loves me, I know, and all I want is to take care of the garden and everything in it." And he lifted his head from between his paws and howled again.

"Johnny!" called his mother as the little boy came into the yard after school. "You get rid of that puppy right away. I can't

stand his racket. Take him down the street and lose him somewhere!"

Johnny didn't want to, but he dragged Penny out from under the porch and down the path to the street. The puppy held back, choking at his collar. He didn't like the yard but he was dreadfully afraid of the world outside it.

While they were standing at a corner, suddenly an automobile stopped; its door flew open and his own mistress called out to him, "Penny! Penny! You poor baby! What has happened to you?" And she knelt on the sidewalk, gathering him into her arms. The puppy jumped and licked her ear, quivering and yapping with joy, and when she had time to look around again, Johnny had gone.

So Penny was taken home again and bathed and fed and rested. People came to see him; even the lady next door who loved cats better than puppies. And he was given cod liver oil three times a day. Do you know, he liked it? He lapped it out of a saucer and then licked his whiskers with his tongue.

One day he trotted out into the garden, waving his tail, just as happy as ever and even more beautiful, for the cod liver oil had made his brown and white coat shine. The garden was gay with flowers and the fountain had birds around it, tipping their heads to drink,and then looking up at the sky. Penny thought these birds had smoother feathers and more beautiful colors than the poor birds in Johnny's yard, and he wished those poor things would come to his fountain. Here they would always find food and drink and a nice sheltered place to be safe in.

Just then the kitten from next door came slipping over the

fence. She was longer and thinner than she used to be and although the puppy wagged his tail at her, she only glanced towards him once. It was the birds at the fountain she stared at. She crept along the fence, nearer to them, quietly, quietly, and, still with no sound, she jumped down among the bushes. He saw her crouching there, her tail twitching at its tip, her green eyes never seeming to blink. How she moved he could hardly tell you, but she did move, slowly, slowly, her body quivering ever so slightly. She was after the birds! She wanted to catch one and kill it. Penny chased that kitten! He grabbed her and shook her good. It isn't easy for a puppy to catch a kitten but this one didn't think he minded what happened to the birds, so she wasn't paying any attention to him. She turned when Penny caught her and scratched him so hard that he forgot to hold on. Then she started down the garden towards the gate. So did he. Over the top of the gate she leaped. He dragged himself underneath. He certainly would have done something terrible to her if she hadn't found a telegraph pole nearby. Up she scrambled to the top of the pole and there she clung, yowling for help. And do you know that her mistress, the lady who loved cats, had to call the fire department to get her down? A fireman had to put a long ladder against the pole and climb up to get her.

Kitty got such a scare that she never came over the fence again to bother the birds. Not while Penny was there. And that's where he stayed most of the time, guarding the birds that came there to be safe.

His mistress said, "Good Penny! You aren't a selfish puppy

any more. You don't chase the birds or let anybody else do it. And your beautiful tail is more like a plume than ever."

On one side of Penny's garden was the house of the lady who loved cats, and on the other side there lived a man. A little opening in the fence made it easy for the puppy to slide underneath and visit him, and this he often did. He even stayed to meals when he felt like it. The man gave him dog biscuit shaped like a bone which he bought on purpose for Penny because he had no dog of his own.

When his mistress decided to go on a long journey, she left him with the man because she thought that then he would not be so lonely. Now, visiting the man was very nice but living in his house was a different thing. Penny was so homesick that he couldn't eat for three days and drank barely enough water to keep him alive. His new master began to worry about him.

"Poor little Penny!" he said stroking his soft fur. "You need something to amuse you. How would you like to come into the kitchen this morning and see my canaries take their baths? They cannot bathe in a fountain the way your garden birds do because they live in cages and never fly by themselves. They splash in their baths so that the floor has to be mopped up afterward. The water is everywhere. That's why they are taken to the kitchen. Be quiet now, and don't do anything to frighten the little things, for they are not used to having a dog near them."

Then he went into the kitchen with the puppy who lay perfectly still while the pretty yellow birds sprinkled themselves in the water, fluttering their feathers first to wet and then to dry them. Penny did not scare them at all. He finally became so interested

that he began to wag his tail. He felt better and better and in a little while forgot that he was ever homesick at all.

One morning his new master put some of the little round seeds that birds love so well on Penny's back. Would you believe it? One of the canaries flew right down to get some. The puppy didn't move or make a sound. After they had played that way for some time, his master finally said to him, "Be very careful, Penny, and get up quietly. See if the canaries will stay on your back and take a ride."

Penny did as he was told and every single one of the birds stayed on his back. After that he used to give them all a ride every morning. His master thought it a clever trick and asked the neighbors in to watch. The lady who loved cats came too. She sat in the corner and heard the singing and the chirping, and she saw the canaries bob their heads and splash water over their feathers. But she was very much astonished to see them ride on Penny's back around the kitchen. "A cat could never be taught to do that," she said.

The puppy didn't move or make a sound

Penny had beautiful times with his master and after a while was allowed to go places with him. Every summer evening they took a long walk together down to the park. They always stopped at a drug store to buy ice cream cones. Penny liked vanilla ones best of all. When they reached a bench his master would hold the cone so Penny could lick way down inside it.

One evening as they were coming home, a hand organ man and his monkey appeared and a crowd of people gathered to watch them. Penny had never seen a monkey before. He sat up on his hind legs in the crowd to get a peep at him.

"Oh, see the little brown and white dog sitting up like that!" somebody cried, and a lot of people turned to look at him. The organ grinder wondered whether he would hold a penny on his nose for the monkey to take. The little dog's master said to him, "Penny will you hold a penny for the little monkey?"

"Woof," barked Penny and sat up straighter. So his master put the penny on his nose and they waited for the monkey to come and snatch it. He jumped along timidly on his hind legs, holding one black paw to the rope that tied him to the hand organ. The man bumped his organ a little nearer to Penny on its one stick of a leg, talking to the monkey and shaking the rope a little to encourage him, and grinding out a tune on the organ. The monkey looked up at all the people, snatching off his hat. His eyes were sad and full of questions; he curled one end of his tail around the rope and trotted closer. It was hard for the puppy to sit up so long with the slippery penny on his nose, and besides, the monkey looked so much

like a small old man that Penny was afraid and wanted to run away. Then instead of taking the penny, the monkey made a chattering sound and put his hairy arms around Penny's neck. Everybody roared so with laughter that both the puppy and the monkey were frightened by the noise. The penny fell to the ground and rolled away.

"Hi, hi!" shouted the hand organ man. He jerked the rope and pulled the monkey back to him. Penny was trembling so that his master had to pick him up in his arms. The puppy enjoyed that, for now the people crowded around and said, "What a cute little dog that is! Did you see the monkey try to kiss him?"

All of these adventures with his master made Penny more and more fond of him, but sometimes he remembered that he was only visiting. His mistress would come back some day and take him back to the old home. Somehow he did not feel like wagging his tail when he thought of leaving the man who took him so many places. And the man who would let him do things his mistress would not have permitted for fear of hurting himself.

One day three great police dogs came romping onto the lawn and his master just sat and laughed at the way the big dogs jumped on Penny and knocked him down in their play. No big dog ever bit or fought a very little one, he said. So Penny got himself rolled over and over by the police dogs, and then scrambled up again, flying after them and barking.

"Go it, Penny!" his master shouted. "Eat 'em up if you can. There are only three of them and they are as big as lions!" It was muddy on the lawn and Penny tumbled head over heels and got up, dirtier, every time. But his master only laughed harder. When the puppy was tired and panting, he pattered up on the porch. He wagged his tail at his master because he wanted to invite the three big police dogs into the house.

"No, Penny," his master said. "You can't take your friends inside. They are too wet and muddy and would track up the floors. Besides they are too big. They must go away and come back some other day to roll you around in the grass." Then when Penny ran to him and begged him, the man whispered in his ear, "Police dogs are not as smart as you are, Penny. They don't know how to wash

The big dogs knocked him down in their play

their feet before they go indoors. But don't tell them I said so. It isn't polite to talk about your company. Their feelings might be hurt."

Penny understood what his master meant about washing feet. The man kept a pan of water for him right by the front door and taught him to stand in it for a minute before going in so he would not make dirty marks on the floor of the house. People coming to the door often found him standing in his pan of water and they knew right away what he was doing.

But now he felt so badly about not having the three police dogs come into the house that he trotted across the porch to where his playthings were kept, his rubber balls and dolls, and took each dog a toy in his mouth and dropped it in front of him. The big dogs did not take them away with them but played with the balls on the lawn, tossing them in the air and chasing them over the grass. Penny stood by his master, watching everything they did. Once in a while, he flew into the game but police dogs are rough; they do bump you very hard. They are not like little house dogs who are smart enough to wash their feet.

One day soon after this, things began to happen in Penny's old home next door. Up went the windows. There was a beating of rugs and a sweeping of floors. Penny ran in and out of the house sniffing everywhere and remembering about it. He knew that his mistress was coming back but at night he did not want to stay there. He ran back to his master and curled up at his feet on the bed. It worried him so much to think of leaving that he twitched and whimpered in his sleep. His master sat up in bed to pat him.

"Penny! Penny! don't cry like that. Wake up! You're having a bad dream."

Next morning when Penny squeezed through the opening in the fence, which was very small for him now, he found his mistress walking down the path to feed bread crumbs to whatever birds were left in the garden. Penny knew her! He knew her lovely voice! Wriggling his whole body, he jumped up on her and kissed her. But when his master leaned over his side of the fence, the puppy hurried back to him and stayed beside him peeking through the holes. He loved his master best and tried to show it by looking up at him and waving his plumy tail.

His mistress knew that and said to the man, "You have taught Penny so many things and made him love you so much that I think you should keep him. I can always see him running in the garden, anyway. Would you like to have him?"

"Yes," said the man. "I would hate to give him up. I tell you what I will do. I'll put a real gate here in the fence so that Penny can open it himself. The hole he crawls through now is growing too small for him. Then I'll teach him to shut the gate after himself so that other dogs cannot run through."

And so his master did build a gate, and soon Penny could stand on his hind legs and shut it behind him. He did this whenever he went from his master's home to the garden of his old mistress, and as he trotted back and forth between them all day long, he did it very often.

HOW LIMPY CURED HIMSELF

LITTLE GRAY SQUIRREL sat on a limb of a great elm tree, his bushy tail poised so straight and tall. In front of him lay a long straight branch. Such an inviting branch, waving to him like a great arm. Just the place for a fine run, then a spring through the air and across to the big elm! Such fun it was to run and leap through the air, just like flying!

Little Gray Squirrel spread his tail to keep himself steady, and then—whiz, like a streak, he was off across the branch. A great leap through space, and onto the tip end of the big elm's spreading branch! Little Gray Squirrel landed.

But snap, crack! went the end of the branch. Down, down, down went Little Gray Squirrel and landed with a thud on the ground. Poor Little Gray Squirrel lay quite helpless, with such a pain in his right leg. His heart pounded with fear. Old Cat would soon be coming by. Little Gray Squirrel shut his eyes and shivered when he thought of Old Cat. Many a time he had barely escaped being caught by her. And now what could he do? He must get up

Afterwards she tucked him in again

into the tree. He tried to move his leg but again that dreadful sharp pain.

Just then he heard a soft little sound. "Tch, tch, tch."

No, it wasn't the kind of noise Old Cat made. Little Gray Squirrel opened one eye. There stood the Cook! Oh, here was a friend. How often she threw nuts out into the garden for Little Gray Squirrel and his friends. She would help him now.

"Tch, tch, tch!" Cook made such a sorry noise when she saw Little Gray Squirrel. Very tenderly she picked him up and carried him into the kitchen. Then in great haste she turned everything out of a little green work basket. She wrapped his broken leg tightly with a strip of white bandage and covered him up with cotton and and soft woolly cloth and tucked him in the basket. Little Gray Squirrel closed his eyes again because he ached all over, till presently Cook lifted him gently and fed him nice warm milk from a medicine dropper. Afterwards she tucked him in again and put the basket in a corner of the kitchen on a sunny window-ledge.

The lady of the house came into the kitchen to talk about supper so Cook showed her how Little Gray Squirrel lay curled up under the woolly cloth.

"But the kitchen is not the sort of place for a squirrel to be loose in," said the lady. "After his leg is healed and he begins to run around, he will get into all sorts of mischief. I will give you an old parrot cage to keep him in. That will keep him from eating things he shouldn't, and he will be safe from cats."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Cook. She washed the parrot cage and shined it up with a cloth, ready for the squirrel when he should

be well again. By and by he lived in the cage, limping around in it and sitting on his hind legs to peep out between the bars. Cook named him Limpy because he could not walk straight. She gave him fruit and vegetables to eat and sometimes an egg. He liked that best of all. When she poked a nut into his cage, he tried to hide it in his bed of cotton until he should feel really hungry. He was always remembering that winter must come, and all sensible squirrels hide nuts and berries to eat when snow covers the ground. How Cook laughed at him when he did this! But one day she looked serious.

"Sure, little Limpy, you're right," she said. "The time has come for you to go back to your trees to live. Cold weather will be here and you'll have no chance to store your food. I'd better be letting you go while it's summer or you'll never be able to take care of yourself. But I'll be sorry to lose you, with your funny ways and your tail twisted so cute behind."

So she took Limpy out of the cage and carried him to the kitchen porch where she sat down on the steps. The squirrel perched on her knee, for he was very tame now and would take nuts from her fingers. The smell of leaves and grass was all around him in the warm air; he heard the wind whispering from the trees. Cook threw some nuts a little way off on the grass to coax him from her lap and another squirrel came swiftly down a tree trunk edging his way toward the nuts. He was afraid of Cook and he stopped for a moment, not even rippling his tail. Then he darted forward, grabbed a nut, and flashed away with it up the tree. After a little while he came again, not so cautiously this time, and dashed off

with a second nut. Cook sighed and put Limpy gently onto the ground near the scattered nuts.

"There's a friend for you to be off with," she nodded her head towards the strange squirrel. "Go with him. But every morning I'll throw out food for you, Limpy. I'll know you by your lame leg. So make haste before the cats see you!" And she clapped her hands together with a sharp sound.

Limpy had been looking up at the high tree that he used to know so well how to climb, and in its branches he saw the squirrel holding his nut in his paws, dropping down bits of shell. Every minute Limpy was beginning to feel more at home outdoors and yet his heart thumped. Would he fall again out of the tree? If he stayed on the grass, a cat might come crawling toward him from under the bushes. There was nothing to do but climb, so up he went, clinging with his claws to the rough bark of the tree, until he reached the branch where the other squirrel sat. Off that one whisked, higher up the tree, for fear Limpy would take the nut from him. Limpy would have chased him just for fun but did not dare run as fast. But, do you know, the other squirrel wanted to be chased, for he came nearer, peeking with his bright black eyes, his tail curled over his back.

"What's the matter with you?" he chattered. "Don't you want to play? See if you can catch me! See if you can find another nut in the grass before I do!"

"My leg is very stiff," Limpy chattered back. "I haven't climbed for a long time. I can't chase you today."

"Oh," said the squirrel. "That's too bad, of course; but then

I'll just run down the tree and eat all those nuts myself."

"And so will I, smarty," said Limpy quickly. So they both hunted for nuts, scampering back to the tree with those they found. But Limpy didn't climb very far. When night came, they crept into Smarty's nest of leaves together. The nest was only big enough for two, and Limpy knew Smarty had built it himself. Squirrels often build nests in the forks of trees, cutting off branches of leaves while they are green to make the roof, and weaving a platform of twigs for a floor. The door of the nest is always at the bottom, and there is an extra door to hurry out of in case a cat or some other enemy comes in.

"This is a very nice nest," Limpy said. "I've never slept in a nest before. My home used to be in a hole in a tree. Five of us lived in it. We dug it out large enough to fit us, and brought dead apple tree leaves for our bed. We bit them off the trees so they were sure to be dry."

"Holes are all right," agreed Smarty sleepily. "But they don't swing in the wind, you know, and that's what I like. I like a house that the wind rocks, so high up in the trees that cats can hardly reach it because they are too heavy for the branches to hold their weight. Listen now, it's starting to rain and I hope the wind blows. Then you will see how lovely my nest is."

And it did rain, with a loud rattle on the roof and sides of the nest. Smarty scraped some moss from the floor with his paws and stuffed it into both doorways to keep the rain out. How the wind blew! Swish went the branch, up and down, up and down. Yes, it was really lovely to be rocked to sleep. But when Limpy slept,

he dreamt he was falling, falling down from the trees. "I will have a nest of my own," he thought, "but mine will be nearer the ground and only rock a little. Then perhaps I'll not have bad dreams about falling."

Next morning, he started to build his nest. "No, no, Limpy!" chattered his friend, watching him. "The branches are so heavy here, they will not swing freely. And they are strong enough to make it easy for a cat to climb up in the night. Go higher up the tree. Do as I tell you! Why will you be so silly?"

But Limpy wouldn't listen to him and went on with his work. He lived happily in his nest until the leaves turned red in the cool nights of fall. Every morning he visited Cook, sitting on her knee as he used to do, while she fed him from her fingers. Then she threw bread or nuts on the ground for Limpy and his friend to come and get if they felt hungry. This made it easy for them to save food for the winter. They hid it in holes or in little pits which they dug in the earth at the foot of the tree or the trees nearby. They never forgot where they put their food. They knew that other squirrels would not forget either, so they tried to hide it when nobody was looking. They didn't want others to come and eat it on cold winter days.

Limpy's lame leg was growing stronger now. He could run along the branches as well as any squirrel; but still, when a twig bent suddenly under him, his heart beat fast for fear of falling.

One day, a mean old squirrel saw him with one of Cook's nuts in his mouth. He chased Limpy up and down a tree until the poor little thing ran right out on a limb. The other squirrel was

right behind! Limpy must jump to the next tree to get away if he did not want to be bitten! He tried to get ready for the spring across the dreadful empty gap, but, oh, he was afraid! So the squirrel caught him. He bit him sharply on the ear. Limpy's nut dropped to the ground far below, bouncing and rattling among the branches, but the mean old squirrel watched where it fell and, like a shot, was after it.

"Why didn't you jump, silly?" scolded Smarty. "I saw you all the time. Don't you know it's fun to spring from a nice bending bough to one in another tree? It swings your so. I love it. I'm going to do it now." Off he flashed, and you could see his gray color through the leaves as he leaped on and on, his tail beautifully stretched out behind and rippling as he ran. How Limpy wished he dared to jump like that! If he could only do it once, he was sure he would never be afraid again. What was the use of being a squirrel at all, if you were afraid of acting like a squirrel and having fun!

It was true that he loved swinging as much as Smarty did. He climbed up the thin branch of a bush beside the kitchen door and hung from it, his back towards the ground, rocking and rocking, on it.

"Ah, Limpy, with your big eyes and your little round ears," laughed Cook. "You look as though you were in a hammock. It's big and heavy you're growing, too, with all the fine food I give you. You'll have a thick warm coat of fur by winter. Do you know I see you sometimes up in the tree? I'm almost glad you've

got a lame leg, because I always know it's you. You get on so well with it."

But Limpy knew he was not getting on well with his lame leg. It was because of his leg and the fall he had had that he was so afraid to jump.

And now the leaves were fast dropping from the trees and the nights felt chilly. His gray coat, which was changing to a lighter shade as snow time came near, kept him from minding even colder weather than this. He just curled up in his nest and slept as warmly as a child in his bed. But one morning, so early that the world was all misty-white with fog, a cat crept up his tree, softly, softly, pawing her way into his house through its drying leaves. He heard the rattle of those leaves, and out he leaped through the extra door! Higher up the tree he raced! His friend Smarty barked a warning. He was saying that the cat still followed. Other squirrels quite a long way off could hear Smarty's flat whining cry that ended in a snarl. They all knew something was the matter and they sat quietly listening and looking around them.

It must have been a dreadfully hungry cat and a small one to dare climb after Limpy far into the tree top where the branches bent even under his weight. He scurried out to the very end of a swaying limb where he thought he was safe, but still the cat crept after him. She crouched low, putting one paw carefully in front of the other. Limpy could see her. He could hear Smarty still sounding his warning. But the fog was so thick he could hardly see the branches of the tree near him. The cat's green eyes stared. Soon she would stretch out her claws and drag the little squirrel

He chased Limpy up and down a tree

to her. He sprang from the end of his limb, out through the white fog, tail spread like a sail, over and down, and down, and onto the branch below him. How it swung him and how he flew along it until he was safe!

"Limpy, what a close squeak that was!" said Smarty. "What an awful jump you had to make, in such fog, and with your lame leg! It made my fur shiver to see you. Did you hear me calling and telling everybody about the cat?" He looked proud of himself and frisked off around a tree trunk to peek out at Limpy from another place. "Didn't I tell you not to build your nest so low?" he chattered. "But you would do it! You didn't like the bending boughs at the top of the tree."

"I like them now," Limpy called after him as he darted away. "That was such a big jump it cured me of being afraid. If I can do that, I can do anything. See now! I am going to jump again just for fun." And off he sailed with Smarty after him. When they had chased each other everywhere, they rocked together in a tree top.

"See here," said Smarty, flirting his tail, "You can't go back to that nest of yours now that the cat has found you. She'll be sure to come again and it is too late in the season to build another nest. The leaves aren't right for it. You must live with me this winter. I don't mind if you have grown big and fat. It will help to keep me warm, hugging up to you in cold weather. And I'll come with you to help eat the food Cook throws out. Then I'll be fat myself."

"All right, Smarty," Limpy agreed. "We will live together in your high-up nest and let the wind blow and rock us as hard as it

pleases. And when winter comes, for two or three days we will sleep, and then we will be hungry and will visit my friend Cook. You'd never dare sit on her knee the way I do, so I will always get the nicest food and stay the fattest. See? There she is now, tossing nuts on the grass for me. I'll beat you down to say good morning to her."

Down the tree and over the grass they scampered. And sure enough, Smarty hung back while Limpy leaped up on Cook's lap with a long jump.

"It's the fine brave squirrel you are," Cook said to him. "You jump with your limpy leg as spry as can be. You have no fear at all of falling." And this time Limpy knew she was right about his leg. He was really as good as new and would never again be afraid of jumping.

Cubby climbed slowly down the tree

CUBBY THE RACCOON

Poor little Cubby sat shivering and cold, curled up in the top of a tall tree. He was just a wee baby raccoon and all alone in the world. He shook with fear as he thought of the dog that had chased his mother and him. On and on they had run so far from home. At last his mother had fallen exhausted and was killed. Cubby had climbed to the top of a tall tree. He was afraid to come down from his hiding place.

But now the fierce dog had gone away. Perhaps now he might climb down. Oh, how hungry and cold he felt! He must find something to eat. Trembling with fear Cubby climbed slowly down the tree.

No dogs anywhere in sight! So off he scampered through the woods looking for something to eat. On and on he ran, oh, such a long way. At last he came to a house. He was too tired to stand. A little girl was playing in the garden. When she saw him, she picked him up in her arms and took him in to her mother.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried, "See what I have found! A little squirrel with a dirty face!"

Her mother looked surprised. "That isn't a squirrel, Betty, darling; it's a baby raccoon and his face isn't dirty. All raccoons have patches of black fur on their cheeks which makes them look like that. Poor little thing! He seems half starved."

"May I keep him?" asked Betty.

Her mother answered, "Well, you can't keep him in the house. He'll be all right out in the barn. That's a good place for him."

Betty pleaded, "May I take him out on the porch and feed him?"

Of course she could. So she fixed up the nicest meal in the top of a tin coffee can and tried to feed Cubby from her own hands, but he was too little to know how to eat. Betty looked puzzled; she set the food in front of him and said, "Help yourself," but all he could do was make a small cry and push at the food with his nose. Her mother was watching.

"You will have to get one of baby-brother's bottles and feed the raccoon from that," she decided.

Betty ran away and presently came back with a bottle that had a rubber nipple on the top. She put it in Cubby's mouth and held it up for him so he could drink the good milk.

"He looks like a brown kitten," she said to her mother, "only he's gray too, and has a fat bushy tail with black and white rings on it. He looks like a kitten somebody has drawn lines on with a pencil. And, stroking his fur, she showed her mother how one wide black line ran straight up the front of his head between his ears. "That line makes him frowny," said Betty, "as if he wanted to find out about things all the time."

"Yes," agreed her mother, "I am sure he will be poking into everything. But if you feed him any more milk you won't have any raccoon left. His sides are bulging now."

The little girl, putting her hands around Cubby, felt of him and said, "You're right. There isn't room for a single drink left."

When night came, Betty took him in her arms and carried him out to the barn and locked the door. It was all dark and quiet and still in there and he climbed up into the hayloft. There he settled himself for a long nap with his paws tucked over his nose and his body curled into a ball.

Every morning after that his little mistress brought the bottle to him, calling it breakfast. Breakfast was always milk, nice warm milk which he would drink while she held the bottle up for him. One day he tried sitting on his hind legs and held out his paws for the bottle. She gave it to him saying, "All right, Cubby, feed yourself," and watched delightedly while he tipped it up and finished the meal himself.

One day Betty brought her father out to the barn to watch him. "It's about time to wean him," said her father.

"What is 'wean'?" asked Betty.

"Wean means to take away," answered her father. "You must take away the raccoon's milk and by and by he will forget about it and like corn to eat."

But Cubby did not forget about the milk. He always liked that milk bottle, and although he learned to eat even small frogs he caught for himself he never grew too big for milk when he could find it.

One day Betty's baby-brother lay in his carriage on the lawn. Nurse fixed a net over him so the mosquitoes could not bite, and the last thing she did was to lift the edge of the net and give him his bottle. Cubby saw her do it! So as soon as he went away he trotted to the carriage. Scritch, scritch, he climbed the side of the wicker carriage, but the net, like one of the cob-webs in the barn, tickled his nose. Inside the net, baby-brother was swallowing the milk. Cubby could not stand that. He tore a hole in the net with his sharp claws and pulled the bottle away from baby. Then he sat on baby's pillow, quickly drinking up the breakfast himself. "Waah, waah, waah!" cried baby and the noise he made brought Nurse back in a hurry.

"You rascal!" she scolded as she popped Cubby out of the carriage onto the grass. "You are growing too big to be so naughty!"

It was true that he was growing. He was strong enough now to run far without feeling tired, and the woods was the place he liked best. In the woods he fished the brooks for food but he still loved milk, and this is how he got it for a long time before he was caught.

Every morning he heard the milkman's boots scrunch on the kitchen path. He knew milk was going to be left in the screen porch for he saw the milkman carry the bottle out of the wagon. It was still so early that everybody was asleep. Everybody but Cubby. He followed the noise of the milkman's steps and peeked at him around the corner of the porch to watch him lift the latch of the screen porch door. Then the man carried in the bottle and came

Quickly drinking up the breakfast himself

out, snapping the latch behind him. After he had gone, Cubby would sit and look at the latch, which was high on the door. If he could only open it! One morning he bunched himself up and jumped for the latch. Bump! He fell back onto the porch. Up he got and shook himself and tried again. Jump! and then bump! Jump! and then bump! JUMP! This time he held on to the latch with his claws and the door swung open while he clung to it. The door gave him a ride into the porch, and there stood the white milk bottle. He ripped off its paper lid, and tried to lift it up to drink from it. But it was too heavy. It was too fat around its middle. But he did not mind that. He put his arm way down into the middle, and you know a hairy arm can bring up a great deal of milk. He licked his arm with his tongue and then reached into the bottle again.

"Who's been stealing my baby's milk?" he heard Nurse scold when she came downstairs. "Who left the door open and spilt milk all over the floor?"

Nobody could guess who did it!

"It can't be Cubby," said Betty's mother frowning a little as she looked at him. "A raccoon couldn't open a door; but with that black mask over his face, he always looks as though he were up to something naughty."

Betty's father shook his head. "No, it can't be Cubby, but it is what he would like to do. He eats altogether too much, that little fellow."

The next day Cubby got into the milk again but still the family did not believe it was he who stole it. Only Nurse shood him off

the porch and said, "You can't tell what a little rascal like you will be up to! I remember how you took my baby's breakfast!"

Finally, after a long time, she thought of a way of catching him. She took an apron and spread it in the kitchen for the milkman to put the bottle on. In the morning she showed the apron to the family, all marked with the tracks of Cubby's little feet. Then they knew it was Cubby after all who drank the milk!

Betty's father and mother came straight out to the barn to scold him, and Betty came too. She stood as close to Cubby as she could, looking sorry, with one little hand all squeezed up as if she held something in it that was a secret. Cubby always loved to be visited, but this time he was so sad at being scolded that he just crouched near his water pan. Betty suddenly opened her hand and dropped the corn she held onto his tin plate. She wanted to comfort him for the scolding. It was a good way, for he was so miserable that he needed something to eat. Inside, he was all queer and empty. So up on his hind legs he sat, and picking up a little bit of the corn, put his paws in the water and washed it. He peeked up at Betty's father and mother through the black mask that covered his cheeks, and then twisted his head sideways and peeked up at Betty. They were all watching to see what he would do next so he put the clean corn in his mouth and sat on his hind legs with his paws held high.

"Cubby looks as though he were begging us to forgive him," said Betty's mother, and her voice sounded soft once more. "He does such cunning things that I can't be cross with him. Just look at him! How neat he is with his food. He is a smart little raccoon."

Betty's father laughed. "He is so smart that I am going to have a bolt put on the porch door."

And so a bolt was put on the door, inside, so that even the milkman could not open it, and Nurse had to get out of bed to let him in. She was cross about this. "You little rascal!" she scolded when she unbolted the door and found Cubby sitting on the porch.

The little raccoon knew there was no more milk for him and he felt itchy inside as though he wanted something new to do. Much as he loved his home and dear little mistress, he felt restless. So one day, bad as it may seem, he ran away.

He ran until he came to a town where boys and dogs chased him and he had to climb trees to save himself. He could only come down in the night and then had to eat whatever he could find. At last he was discovered by a boy who knew where he lived. The boy climbed the tree that Cubby was hiding in and very gently buttoned him inside his coat. Then he took the little raccoon home where Betty was so glad to see him.

She hugged him close in her arms. "You mustn't ever run away again," she whispered to him. "You made me cry all the time you were away."

But her father did not look as though he were sure the raccoon would stay at home; and although Cubby was happy to be back, he was not sure, himself, that he would always want to live so quietly. Sure enough, after he had forgotten the horrid things that had happened to him away from home, he began to remember that it was fun to see new people and have them make a fuss over him, so he

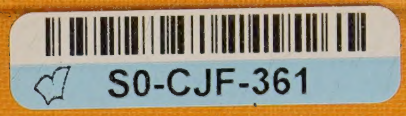
ran away again. By this time he had become known for his funny ways and tricks so he was quickly found and brought back to Betty.

"This settles it," said her mother. "Cubby is going to run away over and over again and we will always be worried about him. We will have to keep him in a cage or he will certainly be killed, wandering around in strange places."

Betty's lip quivered and she began to cry. "Oh, Cubby will hate that, Mother! He'll be alone so much and he loves people to look at him and think he's smart."

Her father dried her tears on his big handkerchief. "Listen, darling," he said. "We'll put Cubby in the zoo where people can see him every day, washing his food and drinking milk and doing all his tricks. He will have a tree to climb, with a hole to sleep in, just as he used to have when he lived in the woods with his mother. That is what he will like most and he will always be safe. And you can go to visit him. Is that all right?" Betty stopped crying and smiled that it would be.

So now Cubby lives in the zoo. Perhaps you will go to see him some day and see what a smart happy little animal he is.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